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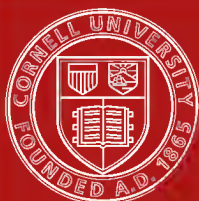
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E P Novello pin.

W Humphrys sc.

Vincent Novello

THE
Life and Labours
of
VINCENT NOVELLO,
by
HIS DAUGHTER,
MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

“It is my Father’s music
To speak ‘his’ deeds.”
Shakespeare.

LONDON :
NOVELLO & CO., 69, Dean-street, Soho, and 35, Poultry.



Life and Labours

OF

VINCENT NOVELLO.

TO trace the career of one, who has done perhaps more than any other single individual towards spreading a love and cultivation of the best music amongst the least wealthy classes of England, must needs be interesting; and the example afforded by such a life, with the incentive given to persevere in a good resolve, even when circumstances appear far from encouraging, seems sufficient cause for pointing out this example to others, by recording the simple and uneventful biography which forms the subject of the present memoir.

In a small house overlooking Hyde Park,—240, Oxford Street, then called Oxford Road,—an Italian, named Giuseppe Novello, settled with his English wife. To them were born several children; and among the younger was a son named Vincent. He was born on the 6th of September, 1781; and, early,

showed a marked predilection for music. He would slip away from meals, to use his recreation-time in "finding out chords" on an old pianoforte, when once he had "learnt his notes." These were taught him by a friend of his father, one Signor Quellici; and this was the only direct instruction ever received by the young Vincent in his favorite art.

Possessing "a good ear," he had an aptitude for languages; and he was sent, with an elder brother, Francis, to a school at Huitmille, a village near Boulogne-sur-mer, to acquire French, in addition to his naturally-learnt English and Italian. It may be a circumstance worth noting, that the vessel in which the two boys came back to England was the last boat that left France before war was declared between the two countries towards the close of the century.

On his return, eager to seize every opportunity of practice and attainment of musical knowledge, Vincent sang as a choir-boy at the Sardinian Embassy's chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, as long as his voice remained unbroken. Samuel Webbe, sen., was organist there; and an acquaintance with him and with Danby, organist of the Spanish Embassy's chapel, Manchester Square, were among Vincent's early incentives to musical study. While still a mere lad, he officiated as deputy for these organists; and commenced his professional career in actual youth. He was not more than sixteen years of age when he became

organist at the Portuguese Embassy's chapel in South Street, Grosvenor Square ; and began to teach, when he himself was hardly more than a learner. But his taste and aptitude for the science, together with his native industry and perseverance, early rendered him a proficient in thorough-bass, as well as a skilful executant.

He was engaged at the Pantheon, as pianist and conductor, when Catalani was prima-donna in the Italian operatic company that performed there ; and hence he acquired that facility in reading from score, which was, at that time, a rare accomplishment. Hence also, and from his direction of the Portuguese choir as organist, arose his skill in accompaniment, which had all the excellence of a peculiar gift. When accompanying voices, he seemed to know, by intuition, which finger required aid ; and he would, as it were, imperceptibly prompt, as well as support, the particular vocalist needing guidance. His sensitive ear followed the inner parts no less accurately than the more salient bass or soprano ; and many an uncertain tenor, or wavering alto, would he—with his distinctive finger pressing slightly out their particular required note or passage—steady back to their appointed course. He would come to their rescue with the most opportune assistance, and help them with a timely support that seemed like inspiration. As a timist, he was firm and correct ; so self-possessed and competent, as to inspire

confidence in those he led. Not only was his own performance on the organ fine and potential, but his ability in conducting the vocal choir was supreme. It became a fashion to hear the service at the Portuguese chapel; and South Street, on a Sunday, was thronged with carriages waiting outside, while their owners crowded to suffocation the small, taper-lighted space within. With attentive hush were oftentimes listened to, the strains of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, or Himmel, in some soft offertory, breathed out by four well-disciplined voices, and sustained by Vincent Novello's smooth fingers, creeping with a certain maintained equipoise from note to note of the ivory keys, hardly whiter than his own hands. They were small, strongly knit, and remarkably pliant; with capability of stretching that fitted them admirably for organ-playing. The not very large, but exquisitely sweet-toned instrument that belonged to South Street chapel, had three rows of keys; over which the white, supple, yet strenuous fingers of Vincent Novello used to wander with a touch almost loving, in its caressing closeness. Now light and hovering, in some florid passage of *Kyrie eleison*; now firm and dominant, in some assertive *Gloria in excelsis*; now rich and majestic, in a lofty *Hosanna*; now full of pathos, in an *Incarnatus est*; now persuasive and consoling, in some *Benedictus*; now steadfast, strict, peremptory, yet, withal, instinct with spirit and

animation, in some concluding fugue of exhortive *Dona nobis pacem*. The *Adeste Fideles*, although really a composition by an Englishman named John Reading (who also wrote *Dulce Domum*), obtained the name of "The Portuguese Hymn" from its having been heard by the Duke of Leeds at the Portuguese chapel, who imagined it to be peculiar to the service in Portugal. Being a Director of the Ancient Concerts, his Grace introduced the melody there; and it speedily became popular, under the title he had given it. So widely has its liking spread, that Vincent Novello's arrangement of this favorite hymn, *Adeste Fideles*, has been reprinted in France, Germany, and America. His organ-playing eventually became so famed, that George the Fourth offered him the appointment of private organist at the Pavilion, Brighton; but this was declined, from devotion to more extended and pressing professional calls upon the musician's time in London.

Organ-builders especially liked to have Vincent Novello exhibit their instruments, from the peculiarly sustained style of his playing. It was well calculated to display to advantage the various stops of the organ; while his thorough acquaintance with the mechanism enabled him to develop to the utmost the different points of excellence in construction. A large number of organs were built under his inspection, and from his designs, both for England and for abroad. He

was frequently appointed umpire at competitions for organists' situations, from his known discrimination in judgment, as well as his great care and justice in decision. These latter were evinced by his desire to be kept uninformed of even the names of the several candidates, whom he distinguished merely by numbers in the order of succession in which they played. These numbers he noted down, with minutely-detailed comments, in his memorandum-book, as each candidate performed ; and then, at the conclusion, he gave his verdict according to the pre-eminence of favorable remark appended to that particular number.

Later in life, he became organist at Moorfields chapel, from 1840 to 1843. He also presided at the organ during the Westminster Abbey festival in 1834, and at the performance of Beethoven's Grand Mass in D at the Philharmonic Society. Of this last-named Society, Vincent Novello was one of the original founders, in 1812. With his eagerness for the dissemination of sterling classical music, he perceived how such an institution would stimulate and preserve the progress of the art ; a perception which the result has amply verified. In these early days of the Philharmonic, before the functions, or even the title of a conductor were known among us, he used, in turn with his compeers, to "preside" at the pianoforte (as the phrase went) in this Society's concerts ; in later times, when, through his exertions and the

efforts of others, music had made advance, he filled the more honorable, because more responsible, office of conductor.

On becoming a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, Vincent Novello played the viola for some years in the orchestra at the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's Cathedral ; it being the duty of the forty youngest members of the first-named Charity to supply the orchestra for that Festival, the remuneration for which goes to the funds of the Royal Society. During these years he occasionally took part in a string quartett ; but afterwards he ceased viola playing.

One of Vincent Novello's early advantages was his acquaintance with the Rev. C. J. Latrobe, who gave the young musician access to his valuable library. The ample use made of this privilege, is best proved by Vincent Novello's having culled from it some of the fine Masses of Mozart and Haydn, which, with the zeal of a true musical enthusiast, he edited and published, at his own cost of time and money, in order to introduce them, in accessible form, among his countrymen in England.

No pains of personal exertion were ever spared by Vincent Novello in the advancement of the highest interests of his beloved art ; no personal sacrifice was ever thought too great to ensure their establishment. In these views he was nobly seconded by the admirable

woman he took to wife. On the 17th of August, 1808, Vincent Novello married Mary Sabilla Hehl; and from that period to the close of their wedded union,—when her death occurred, 25th July, 1854,—she exaltedly fulfilled the duties of help-meet to her husband. As aider in his artistic aims, she enabled him to devote his whole mind and thought to them, by her active superintendence of his household, his family, and his domestic affairs; while she made his professional efforts doubly and trebly available by the excellent economy with which she appropriated, to their mutual benefit, the income he earned. Strictly-kept house accounts, energetic and constant exertion, judicious foresight and counsel, bore witness to her unwearied self-dedication to his interests. When immersed in the duties of her house and coming family, she was never too busy or too tired to make home cheerful and happy to him after a long day's teaching, by reading, through a whole evening, some favorite book of poet or poetical writer; while he, with his extraordinary power of industrious work, would copy music, or correct proofs.

She brought him eleven children, of whom six survive; and amid all the fatigue and care of bringing them into the world, nursing them, watching them, teaching them, she was ever a cheerful, ready, enlightened companion to her husband. Out of the limited means of a young professor, she contrived, by

taking an unusually active and intelligent share of exertion upon herself, to make for her husband and children a neat and even elegant home, a superior circle of friends, and many advantages only to be obtained through the influence of a wife and mother no less intellectually gifted than morally good. No expense was spared in the education of the children; both father and mother agreed in this, as in all other points concerning them. By frugal self-denial on their own parts, by liberal expenditure on behalf of their offspring, by sedulous study of the different individual capacities and special tendencies of each child,—boy or girl,—did Vincent and Mary Novello foster and develop such talents as their children were endowed with by nature. Books in abundance,—selected with care, and always previously read by both parents,—good masters (for school-instruction was held less eligible than home-teaching), frank companionship and intercourse with their elders, encouragement to ask questions and derive information through ever-prompt answers, judicious indulgence, and affectionate equality in treatment, were unfailingly forthcoming, and made parents and children feel themselves reciprocal friends. The way in which books were made high treats in the Novello family, by the kindly mode of their bringing, furnishes pleasant and salutary example for other young fathers and mothers rearing a family on slender

pecuniary resources. Often, when late overnight professional avocations made early rising an impossibility to Vincent Novello, he would have his young ones on the bed while he ate the breakfast his wife brought him, and showed them some delightful volume he had purchased as a present for them. First came the "looking at the pictures;" then, the multiplicity of eager inquiry they elicited; then, the explanation; then, the telling of the subject of the book; then, the account of its author; then, the final glory of seeing *V. Novello's children*, 240, *Oxford Street*, written in the blank leaf, or cover, at the beginning. After this fashion were "Æsop's Fables," "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare," "Sandford and Merton," "Maria Edgeworth's Early Lessons and Parents' Assistant," "Priscilla Wakefield's Juvenile Travellers," "The Hundred Wonders of the World," and the "Book of Trades," successively brought home and enjoyed. The due intermixture of practicality and imagination in the works chosen for and given to their children, serve to indicate the judgment evinced by Vincent and Mary Novello in eliciting and cherishing the various biases in their boys' and girls' several faculties. The names of these children, known afterwards to the world in their subsequently-developed capacities and adopted careers, will perhaps best furnish an indication of their parents' wise procedure in educating them from first to last:—

MARY VICTORIA,—married to Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke.

JOSEPH ALFRED.

CECILIA,—married to Mr. Thomas James Serle.

EDWARD PETRE,—died in early manhood.

EMMA ALOYSIA.

SYDNEY VINCENT,—died in childhood.

CLARA ANASTASIA,—married to Count Gigliucci.

JULIA HARRIET,—died in infancy.

MARY SABILLA.

FLORENCE,—died in childhood.

CHARLES VINCENT,—died in infancy.

Among the distinguished literary friends whom the Novellos had the pleasure to assemble in their small drawing-room at 240, Oxford Street, may be named Charles and Mary Lamb, Shelley, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Coulson, Charles Cowden Clarke, Henry Robertson, and John Byng Gattie. The two last are named here, not so much for their publicly-known attainments, as for their consociation with the subject of the present biographical sketch, in the sonnet which Leigh Hunt addressed

To HENRY ROBERTSON, JOHN GATTIE, and VINCENT NOVELLO,
not keeping their appointed hour.

Harry, my friend, who full of tasteful glee
Have music all about you, heart and lips,
And John, whose voice is like a rill that slips
Over the funny pebbles breathingly ;

*And Vincent, you, who with like mastery
 Can chase the notes with fluttering finger-tips,
 Like fairies down a hill hurrying their trips,
 Or sway the organ with firm royalty ;*
 Why stop ye on the road? The day, 'tis true,
 Shews us as in a diamond all things clear,
 And makes the hill-furmounting eye rejoice,
 Doubling the earthly green, the heavenly blue ;
 But come, complete the charm of such a sphere,
 And give the beauty of the day a voice.

No apology need be offered for quoting the above, which, in its italicised lines, so accurately, as well as poetically, characterises the excellence of Vincent Novello's playing. As affording a graphic picture of the friendly ease which distinguished the meetings in the little drawing-room, a passage from Charles Lamb's delightful Elia essay, called a "Chapter on ears," may also be subjoined:—

* * * "Something like this *scene-turning* I have experienced at the evening parties at the house of my good Catholic friend, *Nov*——, who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.* When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side-aisles of the dim abbey, some five-and-thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension,—(whether it be *that*, in which the psalmist, weary of the

* "I have been there, and still would go ;
 'Tis like a little heaven below."—*Dr. Watts.*

persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings—or *that other*, which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means the young man shall best cleanse his mind)—a holy calm pervadeth me. I am for the time

— rapt above earth,

And possess joys not promised at my birth.

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive,—impatient to overcome her 'earthly' with his 'heavenly,'—still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted *German* ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those *Ariens*, *Haydn* and *Mozart*, with their attendant tritons, *Bach*, *Beethoven*, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wits' end; clouds, as of frankincense, oppress me—priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me—the genius of *his* religion hath me in her toils—a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous—he is Pope,—and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too, tri-coroneted like himself! I am converted, and yet a Protestant,—at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand Herefiarch; or three heresies centre in my person: I am Marcion, Ebion, and Cerinthus—Gog and Magog—what not?—till the coming-in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine unterrifying aspects of my pleasant-countenanced host and hostess."

Truly a pleasant sight was that same drawing-room at 240, Oxford Street, when poets, artists, and musicians, friends of the master of the house, met in

kindly, lively converse. The walls simply coloured of a delicate rose tint, and hung with a few choice water-colour drawings by Varley, Copley Fielding, Havell, and Cristall (who were also personally known to Vincent Novello); the floor covered with a plain grey drugget bordered by a tastefully-designed garland of vine-leaves, drawn and embroidered by Mrs. Novello; towards the centre of the room a sofa-table strewed with books and prints; and at one end, a fine-toned chamber-organ, on which the host pre- luded and played to his listening friends, when they would have him give them “such delights, and spare to interpose them oft” between the pauses of their animated conversation. Keats, with his picturesque head, leaning against the instrument, one foot raised on his knee and smoothed beneath his hands; Leigh Hunt, with his jet-black hair and expressive mouth; Shelley, with his poet’s eyes and brown curls; Lamb, with his spare figure and earnest face; all seen by the glow and warmth and brightness of candlelight, when the young musician and his friends assembled in that unostentatious informal fashion which gave zest to professional social intercourse at the then period.

Vincent Novello’s unaffected sympathy with pupils and musical aspirants—both professional and amateur—was a marked feature in his character throughout his own musical life. He was lavish in imparting knowledge; patient in conveying instruction, cordial in

manner, hearty in communication, benevolent in encouragement. His most eminent pupil was Edward Holmes, the author of "A ramble among the musicians in Germany," and of "Mozart's Life." In order to facilitate the more assiduous study of the young man, Mr. Novello received Edward Holmes as an inmate of his own house; so that at all hours left free by other avocations, he could superintend the progress of his pupil in theory and practice. Mr. Holmes became thoroughly versed in harmony, and was, for many years, organist at Poplar Church, and at Holloway Chapel. He was not only a sound musician, but his taste for letters gave him that polished vigor of style which distinguishes his writings upon the Art. From his schoolfellowship with John Keats and Charles Cowden Clarke, Edward Holmes had early acquired a strong predilection for literature; and his becoming a resident under Vincent Novello's roof confirmed the bent. Books were chief sources of recreation to the master; and the pupil naturally fell into a liking that chimed with his own original preference. Reading had so great a charm for Vincent Novello, that he indulged it at every moment which did not interfere with his Art-pursuit. He would read at night; he would read as he went along the streets to his lesson-giving: and many a time have friends smiled to see him pass them by unnoticed, absorbed in his volume, making his way through the

crowded thoroughfare, indifferent to the jostle of hurrying passengers. The subjects that most interested him were fiction, travel, and natural science. The romances of Walter Scott, the novels of Miss Burney and Lady Morgan, the tales of Miss Edgeworth, were main favorites of his; while works on chemistry, astronomy, and mechanics, engaged his attention, together with voyages and tours. As a youth, he had a fondness for two pastimes that fascinated him powerfully — billiard-playing and skating; but when he found that their pursuit was in danger of becoming too engrossing, and of trenching upon the time demanded by his self-dedication to Music, he resolutely abstained from either, and gave them both up for evermore. When a very young man, also, he had a taste and talent for acting. There still exists a certain playbill of some private performance of Shakespeare's Henry IV., wherein figures the part of Sir John Falstaff as played by "Mr Howard;" which was the name assumed by young Vincent Novello on that occasion. This partiality for theatricals abided by him in the shape of interest in our best actors, and frequent going to the theatre. John Kemble, Elliston, Bannister, Munden, and Liston, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Kelly, were idols of his; while his admiration for Mrs. Jordan amounted to a young man's enamoured fancy. He would often afterwards expatiate on the enchantment of "her laugh, her

exquisite laugh," and of "her arch roguish smile," with a gusto that betrayed the bewitchment he had once felt.

It was pleasant to mark—and still more pleasant to recall, for the emulation of his survivors—how Vincent Novello's inclinations were ever held subservient to his principles. Not only did he give up favorite sports, when they threatened to impede study; but he made his attraction for the theatre a means of cultivation and improvement for his children. As a refining influence, the highest Drama, and the best acting, are valuable in the hands of a judicious parent; and, allowed as a rare treat, they produce an impression no less good than delightful. Some of these theatre-treats remain still as bright points in "the dark backward and abyss of time" to the remembrance of Vincent Novello's children. Once, riding home on his shoulder, tired and sleepy, after the glory of going "to see the play;" so young was then the rememberer, so kind was the good father. Once, a wondrous night of finely-cast comedy, when Munden played Old Dornton; Elliston, young Dornton; Terry, Sulky; Knight, Silky; Mrs. Harlowe and Miss Kelly the Widow and the Spinster, in "The Road to Ruin:" and when the farce was "The Turnpike Gate," with Munden as Crack, the Cobbler. Once, a night of joyful surprize, when the father, coming home tired with a long day's school-teaching, bade his little girl get Shakespeare's

play of "Much ado about nothing," and read him the opening scenes while he ate his dinner (which she had prepared, laying the cloth for Papa, as Mamma was upstairs with the new baby); and then, as a reward for his daughter's good housewifery, telling her to put on her bonnet and he would take her to Covent Garden Theatre, to see Charles Kemble play Benedick.

Vincent Novello's economy of time, and his indefatigable industry, were the reason of his achieving so much. That which has been printed and given to the world is scarcely a third of the manuscripts he made. His editing generally implied re-writing the whole work; voice-parts as well as separate accompaniment, which he himself added. His speed in copying was really wonderful; while the neatness and distinctness of the writing equalled its rapidity. An anecdote will serve to exemplify his power in this respect. At the Musical Festival in 1828, in York Minster, he obtained permission to have a copy taken of Purcell's four anthems, and the Evening Service in G minor, which were unique in the Minster library. The copyist to whom Mr. Novello applied, said he should require three weeks to transcribe them; and next morning, on consideration, said they would more probably take five weeks to write out. Mr. Novello smiled, and replied that he himself had already made a copy of the whole series during the previous day; for, that having begun to look them over, he had set to at

once, and never left his task till it was completed. The original manuscripts were destroyed in the fire at York Minster not long after, and Vincent Novello was enabled to give back a transcript of that music to the Minster library, which, but for his assiduity, would have been lost to the world.

Of the music which he gained leave to transcribe from the library in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, Mr. Novello selected and copied material for ten volumes beyond the five he published under the title of "The Fitzwilliam Music."

The extreme correctness of his works arose from his habit of keeping a pocket-book in four columns (for the page, the staff, the bar, the note), wherein errors were carefully noted at the time of discovery, when playing or reading the works after publication, and which errors he pertinaciously required should be corrected in the plates, with a proof sent to him; thereby causing much impatience to his engraver, but securing the continued improvement of his editions. His particularity and exactitude in the matter of proof-sheets and revises were remarkable. Rarely did he allow the proofs of the day to remain uncorrected; so that he was unburthened by arrears. At some period of the twenty-four hours he was sure to find some odd moment in which to fulfil the task of correction; and often the roll of proofs from the coat-pocket, and the scrap of red pencil from the waistcoat-

pocket, were drawn forth during the few minutes of waiting for a meal, or while preparing to go out. No man better understood and put in practice the philosophy of the French proverb, *Sauvez vos quarts-d'heures*. Not only had he this wisdom of saving valuable stray quarters of hours; but he possessed that faculty of "making time," with which very diligent and very persevering people are endued. Frequently, after returning from the theatre, or after an evening's brilliant conversation and gay supper with some friends, Vincent Novello would sit down to a batch of proofs with as wakeful and active a spirit of energy as though it were noon-day instead of long past midnight. His order and method equalled his industry and perseverance. He was not orderly according to some persons' ideas of neatness; his books and papers lay in heaps that looked disorderly: but he had his own notions of "classing" them, as he called it; and had the same repugnance to their being arranged or dusted by other hands than his own, which that zealous antiquary, Jonathan Oldbuck, felt when protesting against the officiousness of his "womankind." Vincent Novello was methodical after his own peculiar fashion; and though it might not be an ordinary fashion, yet it had extraordinarily advantageous results. His account-books had not the conventional appearance of ledgers, and were not kept on the system pursued by clerkly personages; but they presented a minute and accurate

statement of each transaction, and gave faithful record of every receipt and payment. His note-books were plain and simple: but they contained details both luminous and voluminous, such as few gilt-edged or richly-bound memorandum-books can boast. In examining musical libraries, he made very ample notes: not only lists of compositions by the various authors; but thematic catalogues, so as to be able to collate or compare with the contents of other manuscript sources.

Punctuality was a prominent characteristic of Vincent Novello. Not only in professional engagements was he scrupulously exact, but he observed the same precision with regard to pleasure appointments. He liked to be earlier than the time specified: and at a coach office or railway station, a playhouse or a picture gallery, he always arrived a few minutes beforehand; saying that he preferred waiting on the spot, to the chance of being there too late. In his professional avocations, he was so punctual in attendance, that during the seven-and-twenty years that he taught in one school (in Brunswick Square), he never missed a single day in the bi-weekly lesson-giving there; and during the six-and-twenty years that he played the organ at the Portuguese Embassy's Chapel in South Street, Grosvenor Square, he never missed the performance of a single Sunday's service, with the exception of one, which occurred at a period when a

private grief (the recent loss of a favorite child) had rendered this exertion in public impossible to him.

Vincent Novello's attachment to this favorite child, his boy Sydney, had something of an exclusive fondness about it, that rendered it different from his affection towards his other children. The little fellow was singularly handsome—what is known in common parlance as “the flower of the flock.” Symmetry of form and limb, bloom of complexion, regularity of feature, grace and freedom of action, curly gold-brown hair, eyes of a deep violet blue, thick long eyelashes, and a certain brightness, brilliancy, and dash in all he said and did, made this boy a family darling. Some of his scape-grace ways—such as once upon a time mounting on a stool to reach the candle, that he might try and burn off at its flame some of the auburn brushes on his eyelids, which he chose to consider a troublesome appendage, from their frequently attracting notice and admiration under the guise of laughing at them—made him only the more an idol among his brothers and sisters; while the parents shared the idolatry even in reproving the prank. As for the father, he hardly cared to veil his idolizing by affected reproof; he openly spoiled Sydney, and the spoiling seemed universally admitted as the most natural thing in the world. He would seat the boy on his knee while writing; break off his work to attend to or play with him; give up talking to answer his prattle

and questions; and sit down to the pianoforte, after giving lessons on it for hours, to play the dance-tunes which the boy asked for, one after another. Many an antiquated country-dance air of "The Tank," "The Triumph," or "Sir Roger de Coverly," are associated with Sydney's childish demand for "More, Papa, more!" while an old French tune, known as *Voulez vous dancer, Mademoiselle?* was established by him as the one he meant to ask for when he despotically said—"Now play the Fatty-forty," Mr. Vincent."

The anguish felt on the death of this boy-treasure was the foundation of the first of those long and severe fits of illness which beset Vincent Novello at intervals during certain periods of his life. They were not so much illness, as malady of the spirits; not so much physical ailment as utter depression, dejection, and prostration of the faculty for enjoyment. While the digestive organ assuredly suffered to a certain amount, the nervous temperament was disordered to a pitiable degree. So long as this sombre visitation lasted, a deep melancholy settled upon the patient's mind, and deprived it of all powers of taking pleasure in life, family, friends, or pursuits. Even his beloved Art, his adored Music, ceased to have interest for him; and it was only mechanically, and as a mere matter of principle, that he fulfilled his professional duties. He attended to his pupils, he superintended his various publications as usual, so far as intellectual exertion was concerned; but the elastic delight, the joyful

alacrity with which he labored in his musical avocation when blessed with full health, entirely vanished while under the dominion of these periodical fits of disordered liver, or spleen. Obstruction of bile, from over sedentary habits, was the cause frequently assigned by medical men as the one which occasioned these visitations of gloom; and it is probable that, in a great measure, devotion to Art-toil, with carelessness in the matter of regular meal times, helped to originate those fits of illness, one of the earliest of which attacked him on the loss of Sydney. Not long before this boy's death, the family had removed from 240, Oxford Street, to 8, Percy Street, Bedford Square: and here for a few years (from about 1820 to 1823) they resided. It was during this period that Mr. Novello obtained from Prince Esterhazy the permission to publish some more of Haydn's Masses; and the energy with which he entered into this new production aided to revive his suspended spirit of musical interest.

The next removal of the Novellos was to Shacklewell Green; as Vincent had an idea that country walks, with cessation from the late hours and social gatherings of town existence, would conduce to entirely restore his health.

The experiment proved partially successful; but, after two or three years' trial, was abandoned, from the parents' conviction that their children's advancement in the world would suffer from protracted seclusion

in a suburban village. Now that their boys and girls were reaching an age to require placing in such positions as would enable them advantageously to commence their several appointed careers, Mr. and Mrs. Novello returned to the metropolis, and went to live at 22, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, as being a central situation; although they soon left this house for another no less so—No. 66, Gt. Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn.


Her marriage with a man of letters, when she had just attained her nineteenth year, confirmed their eldest daughter's early ambition to make literature her profession; while their eldest son's decided bent for chemistry and mechanics, which seemed to mark him out by preference for an engineer or a man of practical science, had been merged, on prudential considerations, in a sedulous cultivation and acquirement of such knowledge as should best fit him for becoming a music publisher, and promulgator of his father's musical productions. The second daughter's sweet voice and predilection for the stage, induced her parents to place her under the tuition of Mrs. Blane Hunt, formerly Miss Merry, a fellow-pupil with Miss Stephens of Thomas Welsh; and the second son's marked talent for painting—amounting to genius, in its youthful strength of ability and development—led his father and mother to send Edward as a student to Mr. Sals, the first master for young artists, in skilful preparation as draughtsmen

before they became colourists. The third daughter, Emma, at a subsequent period evinced a similar inclination for an artist's career ; and was also a pupil in Mr. Saff's studio.

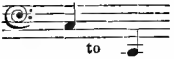
Having thus promoted their elder children's establishment in suitable channels for happily, honorably, and independently earning future livelihood, Mr. and Mrs. Novello, in the year 1829, took a pleasant journey together to Germany, for the fulfilment of a no less pleasant purpose. This was the presentation of a sum of money to Mozart's sister, Madame Sonnenberg : which sum had been subscribed by some musical admirers of the great composer, who had heard with deep sympathy and concern that she was then in poor health and poorer means. These gentlemen intrusted their friend and brother-subscriber (indeed, he was the original proposer of the subscription, and undertook all its contingent expenses himself,) Vincent Novello, with the execution of what they knew would be a most welcome commission to him,—the conveyance of this contribution to Mozart's sister ; and in the summer season husband and wife set out for Salzburg. An extract from Vincent Novello's own diary, kept during this memorable journey, will best describe the circumstances of an event interesting to all lovers of Mozart : "*Monday, July 15th.*—A still more delightful day, if possible, than yesterday—Mozart's son came to me at about 11 to conduct us

to his aunt Sonnenberg—after a little chat we accompanied him to her house, which was within a few yards of where we resided.—It seems that she had passed a very restless and sleepless night for fear we should not come to see her, and had repeatedly expressed her regret that we had not been admitted when we first called. On entering the room, the sister of Mozart was reclining placidly in bed—but blind, feeble, and nearly speechless.—Her nephew kindly explained to her who we were, and she seemed to derive much gratification from the intelligence we conveyed to her. During the whole time, I held her poor thin hand in mine, and pressed it with the sincere cordiality of an old friend of her brother. She appeared particularly pleased that the little present we had brought her should have arrived on her own Saint's day (St. Ann, the 26th of the month). Her own birthday is on the 30th, on which day she will have completed her 78th year. Her voice is nearly extinct, and she appears to be fast approaching 'that bourn from whence no traveller returns.' Her face, though much changed by illness and drawn by age, still bears a strong resemblance to the portraits that have been engraved of her; but it was difficult to believe that the helpless and languid figure which was extended before us was formerly the little girl represented as standing by the side of her brother, and singing to his accompaniment. Near the bed was the original painting of which

Madame Niffen has a small copy, and which has been engraved in the Biography, representing Mozart and his sister playing a duett on the piano, the likenefs of Mozart's mother in a frame, and the father leaning on the piano with a violin in his hand. In the adjoining apartment, over the sofa was the print which his son told me was generally considered the best likenefs after that in Madame Niffen's possession (in which opinion he himself coincided).* Around the room was hung a very numerous collection of portraits of the greatest painters, amongst whom I particularly noticed those of Vandyck and Rembrandt. In another part of the room was a miniature of herself; another of her son (who had some resemblance to Leigh Hunt); and another likenefs in miniature of Mozart. In the middle of the room stood the instrument on which she had often played duetts with her brother. It was a kind of clavichord—with black keys for the naturals and white ones for the sharps, like our old English Cathedral

organs—the compass was from , and

had evidently been constructed before the additional keys were invented. The tone was soft, and some of the bass notes, especially those of the lowest octave Cs

 were of a good quality; at the time

* This, in its simple brown frame, was afterwards presented by Mozart's son to Vincent Novello.

it was made, it was doubtless considered an excellent instrument. You may be sure that I touched the keys which had been pressed by Mozart's fingers, with great interest. Mozart's son also played a few chords upon it with evident pleasure; the key he chose was that of C minor; and what he did, though short, was quite sufficient to show the accomplished musician. On the desk were two pieces of music, the last which Mozart's sister had ever played, before she took to her bed, six months ago. They were the "O cara Armonia" from her brother's opera of the *Zauberflöte*, and the Minuet in his *Don Giovanni*;—this, to me, was a most touching proof of her continued sisterly attachment to him to the last, and of her tasteful partiality for his inimitable productions. About two days before we arrived she had desired to be carried from her bed, and placed at the instrument. On trying to play she found that although she could still execute a few passages with her *right* hand, yet with her *left* hand she could no longer press down the keys, and it was but too evident that her powers on that side were entirely gone.

“On leaving this estimable and interesting lady, both Mary and myself could not refrain from kissing her weak and emaciated hand with tender respect, convinced as we were that we should never again behold her. I fear that she cannot continue much longer in her present exhausted state; but whenever

that hour arrives which no one living can ultimately avoid, I can only hope that it will not be attended with the least suffering, and that she will calmly cease to breathe as if she were merely sinking into a tranquil sleep. I was particularly charmed by the respectful and kind cordiality with which Mozart's son behaved to her; calling her repeatedly "Meine liebe Tante," and exerting himself to the utmost to ascertain and fulfil all her wishes."

Another extract, undated, but evidently later on, is subjoined, as showing the writer's enthusiastic interest in the woman beloved as a wife by Mozart—Vincent Novello's favorite composer. He seems to have met her, on the evening he refers to, at a friend's house; for he writes thus:—"After supper I had the gratification of seeing Mozart's widow and her sister safe home. They had brought their servant with them, to save my doing so, and would fain have persuaded me there was not the least necessity for my accompanying them home; but (as I told her) it was not every evening that I could enjoy the society of so rare a companion as one who had been the companion of Mozart, and she politely gave up the little friendly contest, and at once took my arm as cordially as if I had been her own brother. There was a beautiful moon shining on the distant mountains, and illuminating both the old Gothic church of the convent and the ancient fortress above. The interesting conversation

which took place, and the enchanting beauty of the surrounding scenery, rendered this one of the most romantic and delightful walks I ever enjoyed. On our arrival at the house I was at last obliged to take my leave; when Madame Mozart* once more shook hands with me most cordially, and assured me (after renewing her promise to write to me) that our visit altogether to Salzburg had been one of the most gratifying compliments which had been paid for several years both to herself and to the memory of 'her Mozart.' I need not say what a crowd of interesting associations, curious thoughts, and singular reflections, passed through my mind in the course of my solitary walk back to my Inn."

It was at Paris, on their return from their tour in Germany and visit to Mozart's family, that Mr. and Mrs. Novello brought to maturity their project for placing their daughter Clara at Mons. Choron's establishment for vocal pupils in the French Academy of Singing for Church Music. The child had given tokens of possessing a voice and musical abilities rare in their order; and though so young, hopes were given by Mons. Fétis and other influential persons, that the little girl might possibly obtain admission there, were she to compete with the other young-lady candidates about to try for a nomination. On learning

* Vincent Novello involuntarily calls her so; though she was then Madame Nissen, having married a second time.

this chance, Mrs. Novello, with her usual energy of decision, set out immediately to fetch the little Clara in time for the approaching trial in Paris. So young was the childish candidate, that she had (rather against the grain of her little ladyship's dignity !) to be placed on a stool when the first public performance of the pupils took place after Clara had gained her election ; yet so potent was the youthful voice, so assured was the musical execution, that her umpires at once decided in her favor. That stool was the first step of her steady ascension to the throne of vocal supremacy. The father had reason to congratulate himself on the firm basis he had given to his little girl's education in grounding her thoroughly in the elements of her art ; for she acquitted herself with a self-possession and certainty that won her immediate success. Her judges were almost as much amused as pleased with the business-like, quiet, unflattered manner of the child, in the delivery of her competitive exercise and piece. She sang these as though she had been accustomed to face an audience for years, instead of having seen but a few summers since her cradle. As an indication of the full tone and unwavering style which characterized Clara's singing even at that early age,—one of her judges chancing to hear the little girl sing in an adjoining room on the eve of the trial-day, thought it was a girl of sixteen, and could hardly believe his eyes when he beheld the blue-eyed English

child in a white frock who had just been performing Arne's "Soldier tired" with that confident brilliancy and rich roundness of voice. The weight and wealth of tone, with purity and precision in Clara's high notes, were as remarkable then as they have been ever since,—filvery, bell-like, clear, and ringing.

Before that year came to a close, Vincent Novello had to pay the final tribute of respect to Mozart's sister. Not many months after he had been to Salzburg to visit the Mozart family, the news of Madame Sonnenburg's death reached England; and Mr. Novello, in commemoration, and as a homage to her illustrious brother, got up a performance of Mozart's *Requiem*, with a small orchestra and organ, in South Street Chapel. A few choice instruments,—Mori's violin, Mariotti's trombone, Anfossi's double-bass, and some other professional friends' assistance, sustained the organist in this refined execution of the great musician's masterpiece. Eye as well as ear was gratified upon that occasion (the last wherein South Street Chapel shone with its former glory; for, soon after, it was dismantled, and the Embassy's service no longer performed there) in the expression of Vincent Novello's countenance, while the reflection of the light from the tapers fell full upon it, beaming with intellectual rapture and enthusiasm for the great master he was illustrating, as well as for the art in which he himself so excelled.

His admirably-shaped head, in harmonious relief against the crimson drapery furrounding the organ-loft, formed a picture that might have been a study for Titian. Here may be a fitting place to mention that Vincent's elder brother, Mr. Francis Novello, had been the principal bass-singer at the Portuguese Chapel, in South Street, during the whole period of the former's organistship there; and on the occasion in question, it was that beautiful voice, mellow yet sonorous, which gave full effect to the noble "Tuba mirum," "Recordare," and "Benedictus." The quality of Mr. Francis Novello's voice, and the earnestness of feeling which his enthusiastic admiration of music enabled him to throw into the compositions wherein he took part, will not be readily forgotten by those who remember the choir at South Street.

It was in the following year that the family removed to 67, Frith Street; and it was here that Vincent Novello's eldest son, Alfred, first commenced business. A very modest beginning, in appearance, — a couple of parlour-windows and a glass-door, with a few title-pages bearing composers' names of sterling merit, and Vincent Novello's as editor; but conscientious faith in promoting the diffusion of the best music on the part of him who edited, — industry, punctuality, and zeal on the part of the young publisher, — with practical counsel, moral encourage-

ment, and untiring sympathy on the part of her who aided husband and son in their public endeavours as in their private hopes and aims,—made that original simple parlour-shop the germ of the mart for supplying England—nay, the world—with highest-class music. It was at 67, Frith Street, and subsequently at 69, Dean Street (to which latter place he removed in 1834), that Vincent Novello had the gratification of seeing his sons and daughters around him in the exercise of those talents which nature had given, and which himself and wife had fostered. Judicious indulgence, affectionate care, and wise cherishing, brought their happy fruits; and the art-loving father had the joy of possessing, in his own offspring, individuals all more or less gifted with the musical capacity which he particularly prized. Among his daughters he had an ample supply of soprano voices, and one alto; his sons Alfred and Edward had each a bass voice, while his son-in-law, Charles, sang tenor; thus, at any time, the musician could have performed in his own family those more refined compositions which were his especial favorites. The delight he took in hearing such vocal gems as Mozart's "Ave verum," Leonardo Leo's "Kyrie eleison," Wilbye's "Flora gave me," or Linley's "Let me careless," suggested to him the writing out of four green-bound part-music books, filled with the choicest unaccompanied concerted pieces, amounting

to more than two hundred ; and thus, when he and his young people spent a day in the fields, took a journey, or were otherwise beyond the reach of an instrument, they could enjoy the pastime of music as a crowning pleasure. He entitled these volumes "Music for the Open Air," and they always accompanied the family in their holiday excursions. One of the opening pieces is the Canon 4 in 2, which is here printed, and which for years was daily sung for him by Vincent Novello's family as an after-dinner Grace. The charming quartett, "Delightful thus the fleeting hours to spend," was written by its composer, Charles Stokes, for his friend Vincent Novello's family-choir at this happy period of their lives. Those "musical evenings," one of which is alluded to in the note which Vincent Novello appended to the "Thanksgiving after enjoyment,"* were indeed memorable epochs ; perhaps *the* most memorable was the one in question. It was soon after Malibran's marriage with De Beriot ; and they both came to this party at the Novellos' house. De Beriot played in a string quartett of Haydn's, with that perfect tone and style which distinguished him. Then his wife gave in generously lavish succession Mozart's "Non più di fiori," with Willman's obbligato accompaniment on the Corno di bassetto, a "Sancta Maria" of her host's composition (which she sang at sight with consummate effect and expression),

* See pages 38, 39.

a gracefully tender air, "Ah, rien n'est doux comme la voix qui dit je t'aime," and lastly a spirited mariner's song, with a sailorly burden chiming as it were with their rope-hauling. In these two latter she accompanied herself; and when she had concluded among a rave of admiring plaudits from all present, she ran up to one of the heartiest among the applauding guests—Felix Mendelssohn—and said in her own winning playfully-imperious manner (which a touch of foreign speech and accent made only the more fascinating), "Now, Mr. Mendelssohn, I never do nothing for nothing; you must play for me, now I have sung for you." He, "nothing loath," let her lead him to the pianoforte; where he dashed into a wonderfully impulsive extempore—masterly, musician-like, full of gusto. In this marvellous improvisation he introduced the several pieces Malibran had just sung, working them with admirable skill one after the other; and finally, in combination, the four subjects blended together in elaborate counterpoint. When Mendelssohn had finished his performance, Vincent Novello turned to an esteemed friend, who was one of the hearers, and expressed his admiration in these remarkable words: "He has done some things that seem to me to be impossible, even after I have heard them done." No wonder the delight experienced by the musical soul of the master of the house took the shape which it did "next morning."

A Thanksgiving after enjoyment.

VINCENT NOVELLO, 10th July, 1833.

With spirit.

Treble. Give thanks to God, and praise . His Name . for e - ver,

Alto. Praise the Lord for e ver and e - - ver,

Tenor, (See lower.) Give thanks to

Bass. Praise the

O praise the Lord our God for

Praise the Lord for all His lov - ing

God, and praise . . His Name . . for e - ver,

Lord for e ver and e - - ver, Praise the

all His loving - kind - nefs and good nefs,

kind - nefs, for all His ten - - der

O praise the Lord our God for all His loving

Lord, for all His lov - ing kind -

E-ver praise His Ho - ly Name, for e - ver praise His

mercy un - - - to us, Praise his Ho - ly

kind - nefs and good - nefs, E - ver praise His

nefs, for all His ten - - der mer-cy un - -

Ho - ly Name, e - ver blefs the Lord and praife His
 Name for e - ver, e - ver, e - ver and
 Ho - ly Name, for e - ver praife His Ho - ly
 - - - to us, Praife His Ho ly Name for

Ho - ly Name for e - ver and e - ver, for
 e - ver, for
 Name, e - ver blefs the Lord, and praife His Ho ly
 e - ver, e - - ver, e - ver and e - ver,

all His ten - der mer - cy un - to us, O praife the
 e - ver, for e - ver and e - ver,
 Name for e - ver and e - ver, for all His ten - der
 for e - ver, for e - ver and

ff Lord, give thanks to God, and praife . . His Name for e - ver.
ff Praife the Lord for e - ver and e - ver.
 mer - cy un - to us, O praife the Lord, give thanks to
 e - ver, Praife the

“The above Canon was written in commemoration of a most delightful musical evening, which the Composer had passed in company with Malibran, De Berior, Willman, Mendelssohn, and other rare musicians. As soon as he awoke next morning, he wrote the above little composition, in acknowledgment of the great pleasure which he had enjoyed.”—V.N.

It is not, perhaps, too much to say that the musical evenings at Vincent Novello's house gave one great original incitement to the performance of high-class music in domestic circles which has now so generally obtained in England. The professor's musical socialities in England excited emulation, and produced similar assemblages in private circles of the metropolis; these spread, and thus the pleasant practice of performing sterling classical music among family and friendly reunions has now become universal in town and country. Bacon pronounces a garden to be "the most humane of pleasure:" we might call domestic music "the most *urbane* of pleasures," were it not that, though capital in itself, its delight is not confined to the capital; but is equally felt and enjoyed in the provinces. Vincent Novello was also the prime mover of another branch of social musical performance; a performance partaking of a public and of a private character. He was one of the founders of the "Classical Harmonists'" Society; which consisted of some twenty to thirty gentlemen and lady members who met monthly to get up good vocal and instrumental music. And he likewise promoted the institution of the "Choral Harmonists'" Society, which numbered a still larger body of subscribers. These London musical societies gave rise to provincial ones on the same plan, and were another source of promoting that diffusion of fine music, its taste, its culture, its practical knowledge

and performance, which Vincent Novello ever had so much at heart.

During this elate period of Vincent Novello's life, the Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey took place in 1834. He himself presided at the organ; and his daughter Clara was one of the soprano vocalists in the sacred oratorios performed on the occasion. Many can remember the young angelic voice so appropriately heard in "How beautiful are the feet," and other Handelian strains. The reader will be pleased to see a sportive note of Charles Lamb's, written to Vincent Novello's son-in-law at this time; a note still carefully preserved, despite its pencilled characters and worn edges. It is directed outside, "Charles Cowden Clarke, Esq.;" but begins and ends without address or signature. "We heard the music in the Abbey at Winchmore Hill! and the notes were incomparably soften'd by the distance. Novello's chromatics were distinctly audible. Clara was faulty in B flat. Otherwise she sang like an angel. The trombone, and Beethoven's waltzes were the best. Who played the oboe?" In the same spirit (most consistent with that which pervades the whimsical, witty "Chapter on Ears") are some lines which Charles Lamb wrote in his friend Vincent Novello's album; and which he entitled—

FREE THOUGHTS ON SOME EMINENT COMPOSERS.

Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
 Just as the whim bites. For my part,
 I do not care one farthing candle
 For either of them, nor for Handel.
 Cannot a man live free and easy
 Without admiring Pergolesi?
 Or through the world with comfort go
 That never heard of Doctor Blow?
 So help me God, I hardly have;
 And yet I eat, and drink, and shave,
 Like other people, if you watch it,
 And know no more of stave or crotchet
 Than did the primitive Peruvians,
 Or those old ante-queer-Diluvians,
 That lived in the unwashed world with Tubal,
 Before that dirty blacksmith, Jubal,
 By strokes on anvil, or by summ'at
 Found out, to his great surprize, the Gamut.
 I care no more for Cimarosa
 Than he did for Salvator Rosa,
 Being no painter: and bad luck
 Be mine, if I can bear that Gluck.
 Old Tycho Brahe, and modern Herschel
 Had something in 'em; but who's Purcell?
 The Devil, with his foot so cloven,
 For aught I care, may take Beethoven;
 And if the bargain does not suit,
 I'll throw him Weber in to boot.
 There's not the splitting of a splinter
 To choose 'twixt him last-named, and Winter.
 Of Doctor Pepusch old Queen Dido
 Knows just as much, God knows, as I do.

I would not go four miles to visit
 Sebastian Bach—or *Batcb*—which is it?
 No more I would for Bononcini.
 As for Novello, and Rossini,
 I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,
 Because they're living. So I leave 'em.

C. LAMB.

Beneath, on the same page, Miss Lamb subjoined the following :—

The reason why my brother's so severe ;
 Vincentio is—my brother has no *ear* :
 And Caradori her mellifluous throat
 Might stretch in vain to make him learn a note.
 Of common tunes he knows not anything,
 Nor “ Rule Britannia ” from “ God save the King.”
 He rail at Handel ! He the gamut quiz !
 I'd lay my life he knows not what it is.
 His spite at music is a pretty whim—
 He loves not it, because it loves not him,

M. LAMB.

After a few years, the Novellos left London for Baywater ; and resided for some time, successively, in two of the pretty cottages on Craven Hill, when that place still retained its primitive simplicity, and consisted of small detached dwellings with gardens, instead of the grand houses which now rise there in lofty rows. For a large portion of this time, Vincent Novello remained in England, superintending his various musical works ; while his wife accompanied their daughter Clara abroad on a lengthened professional tour in Germany and Russia, and during

a period when it was resolved that she should study in Italy with a view to the lyric stage. Be it here noted, that Mrs. Novello's absence from home, far from preventing her fulfilment of home duties, only afforded scope for her manifesting how exaltedly a woman can accomplish apparently incompatible tasks. Even while personally devoting exclusive attention to one child, by her presence and vigilant care, Mrs. Novello no less influenced and guided those remaining under the paternal roof by constant and minutely-detailed letters, filled with accounts of what she herself beheld abroad that might tend to the instruction and entertainment of those she wrote to, or with advice, sympathy, and the liveliest interest in all they were thinking, saying, and doing at home. Not only did she cheer and support her husband, by these frequent and loving epistles, (models of letter-composition!) but she continued the good work of stimulating and encouraging their children to conduct that should redound to their own and their parents' honour and happiness. So felicitously did she blend counsel with affectionate encouragement, that her opinion, her encomium, were ever the incentive to fresh exertion; and they no less strove to satisfy the mother, than to gratify the tender friend. With a vivacity of participation in everything that occupied their hopes or their wishes, she made herself almost more a comrade than a parent to her adoring children;

and even while she was away from them, they felt her with them in spirit. By a paradox wrought to a truth through the might of such a nature as hers, —those who most missed her, best bore separation from her. The talent which distinguished yet another of Vincent Novello's daughters, for singing and for languages, prolonged this separation; the mother's namesake, Mary Sabilla, finding similar maternal devotion to that which Clara had found.

At the close of the year 1848, it became evident that Mrs. Novello's health required residence in a warmer climate; and she wintered in Rome, near to her daughter Clara, who was by that time married to an Italian nobleman, Count Gigliucci. In 1849, Vincent Novello joined his wife at Nice, where they took a pleasant house, for themselves and their youngest surviving daughter, Sabilla, to dwell in henceforth; as the latter's delicacy of throat, and susceptibility to cold and damp, rendered a southern atmosphere equally needful for her. Here, visited every autumn by their other children, Vincent Novello and his wife lived for some years in quiet retirement, after the life of active exertion they had hitherto led with such prosperous effect; and it was with complacent feeling, that they found themselves settled, during the evening of existence, in that beautiful land which had given birth to the immediate progenitor of Vincent Novello.

These happy autumnal visits continued uninterrupted until the year 1854; when the severest affliction befel the family that it had yet sustained. Mrs. Novello's fragile physical condition rendered her peculiarly susceptible of any casual influence, and cholera prevailing that season, a sudden attack of that terrible malady proved fatal, ending her life in a very few hours after seizure. Calm, thoughtful for others to the last, she yielded breath, attended by two of her daughters, Clara and Sabilla. Cheerful, energetic in spirit, until attacked by mortal illness, the very day before her death she spent with those of her children and grandchildren then in Nice; sympathizing in their pursuits, promoting their amusements, enhancing their pleasure by her presence and lively interest in all they did.

This mental vivacity, imparting a singular zest and charm to all she said; this spiritual intensity, giving vigour to all she thought and planned; this strength and decision of character, blended with the most perfect womanly gentleness and benignity, rendering supremely valuable her counsel and aid;—combined to form one of the most matchless wives and mothers ever vouchsafed to humanity. With strangers, she was bland, courteous, easy; inspiring immediate confidence and liking. To the poor, and to dependants, she was largely benevolent and kind. To her friends, she was warm-mannered, warm-hearted, thoroughly

loyal and constant ; so cordial, genial, frank, and generous, that they were attached to her with a loving fondness and affectionate respect, more like the regard and preference subsisting between kindred than those belonging to ordinary friendship.

As a woman, she was attractive in no common degree : tall, finely proportioned, of clear complexion and delicate skin, and of a most sweet and winning aspect. Graceful in movement ; dignified, yet of extreme suavity in demeanour. She was well-accomplished : wrote with elegance and taste (having written much verse, and the libretto of an oratorio for her husband when he had thoughts of composing one ; several prose tales, of poetic and romantic feeling ; and many hundreds of eloquent delightful letters) ; drew with considerable skill ; sang prettily ; embroidered in coloured silks, and made her own designs for work with truly artistic mastery ; read aloud with even dramatic fitness and effect ; and conversed with a knowledge, an imagination, and a diversity that made talk with her a privilege and a feast.

As a wife, she excelled : with a cultivated mind, with an intellect and native intelligence of rare order, with a temper of exquisitely sympathetic quality, with refined tastes, with gracious personal appearance, she made one of the most perfect companions and “ other-selves ” to her husband that it is possible to

conceive. In the most exalted aims of his existence, as in the most common-place details of his every-day life, she was thoroughly his help-meet, his comfort. She elevated and sustained his views, she supported his courage, she made his home a rest, a bliss. She enabled him to dedicate himself wholly to his chosen Art-avocations, by taking upon herself the less-interesting, but equally-needful duties of each day's work; she enabled him fully to enjoy his leisure by sharing it with him vividly, and by entering with spirit into all his predilections. She read to him when he could listen; talked with him when he had time for conversation; walked with him when he took air, exercise, or recreation. Her fine strong natural sense gave vigour to his plans, substance to his ideas, shape and practicality to his projects. That he might have none of the petty details of income, outlay, or domestic affairs, she made them all her province, and executed their various ordinations with admirably-calculated economy. In this, she was wisely and nobly seconded by her husband. He, perceiving her talents, her good sense, her excellent principles, entrusted her with the whole controlling management of their joint concerns; and so well was his trust and confidence responded to on her part by judicious fulfilment of his wishes and care of their united interests, that she conducted business with the combined clever-headedness of a

man, and the sharp-sightedness of a woman. She wrote business letters, she saw business people, she completed business transactions, with a precision and alacrity that spared her husband's time and attention ; while she behaved, through all, with a lady-like grace, that won him fresh esteem and respect from all who had dealings with them both. Every house they lived in, the wife inspected it, decided upon its eligibility, arranged for the terms, wrote out the agreement, took the lease, &c. Every school, every teacher, provided for their children, the wife went to see, or examined herself. Many a task that usually falls to the share of the master of a family to do, the mistress, in this case, undertook and executed. Thus, mutual consultation, mutual agreement, were the sole points needed ; while the wife spared her husband all active trouble by voluntarily assuming it to herself. Thus too, it may be said, that his super-excellent wife was one main cause of Vincent Novello's achieving so much,—so very much,—as he did. Had he had paltry concerns to attend to, had he had the perpetual worry and distraction of household questions to decide upon, had he had the constant interruption of appeals, responsibilities, family cares, and business transactions,—is it likely that he would have found time and opportunity for the incessant musical labour and industry—besides extensive professional teaching—which were his ? Had his brain

been disturbed with ordinary subjects ; had his fingers been employed in penning business letters ; had his hours been frittered away by other calls upon his time, instead of being devoted to the one great and absorbing pursuit, is it probable that he would have been able to accumulate all that mass of musical work, which forms an almost incredible amount for one man to have achieved with his own unaided hands ? Men of artistic calling, possessed of such an inestimable treasure as a wife like Vincent Novello's, are thereby enabled to give not only a double, but a multiplied product from their genius and labour to the world.

As a mother, Mrs. Novello shone consummate. She fulfilled her maternal duties, from first to last, with a noble consecration of herself to that most hallowed of earthly missions. With a peculiar gift for discerning the several capacities of her children, she foresaw what would be their best future spheres of action : then, diligently sought the means of fitting them for those spheres, and of placing them therein. She took scrupulous care of her own health to bring them forth ; she took ceaseless care of them and their health from the moment they were born, never delegating to a nurse the privileged office of yielding nourishment from the mother's own bosom ; she gave them watchful nights, thoughtful days, and hourly, minutely superintendence. She made herself their

food, their joy, their guardian angel in infancy ; their playmate in childhood ; their preceptor and comrade in youth ; their guide, their friend, their everything as they grew up. While she lived they seemed to possess all ; when she died, they seemed to lose all. They had this sole consolation : she remained upon earth to see her children's prosperity in those careers she had chosen for them with her own beautiful wisdom of prevision ; and when she went to heaven, she left them the abiding consciousness of gratitude and love towards her for what she had been to them in life, and of possessing her immortal spirit thenceforth evermore with them,—thus, still to comfort in affliction, to sustain in endeavour, and to exalt in divine faith, hope, and trust.

It remains but to speak more particularly of Vincent Novello's several productions ; those musical labours which so worthily and so happily had occupied the active portion of his life.

The difficulty of publishing such works as were the early compositions and arrangements of Vincent Novello, can hardly be appreciated at the present day. Publishers could not then be found to run the risk ; and the expenses of engraving and printing had to be provided for by himself out of his hard earnings. At the same time, he had almost to create the taste for such music among the public, by the production and execution of them in his own choir at South Street.

The separate accompaniments for the organ or pianoforte, which are so familiar in the present day, were quite the exception in the early part of this century. Vincent Novello's works were among the first where a definite part was printed for the accompanist. Previously, vocal scores had only a line with the bass part, having the addition of figures to indicate the harmonies; and the melodies of the various parts had to be gathered and adapted to the instrument, as the performance proceeded.

Vincent Novello's first work, "Sacred Music in two volumes," dedicated to the Rev. Victor Fryer, was received with very great favor. It was compiled from the music which had been most appreciated among that which had been collected in manuscript for the use of the choir at South Street; and comprised several long compositions of his own, including the "Salve Regina," "Alma Redemptoris," and other complete pieces, as well as the portions which he added to what is called "The Selected Masses." The Sanctus and Benedictus for five voices, and Hosanna fugue—a composition which he had completed before his eighteenth year—may be pointed out as a specimen of remarkable beauty in five-part vocal composition.

"Twelve Easy Masses" for small choirs were published shortly after; of which three are original compositions by himself; and the rest by Spanish, Portuguese, and other authors.

Two more works were commenced in books, appearing from time to time over a considerable period, entitled "Motetts for the Morning Service," and "The Evening Service." These contain many of Vincent Novello's original compositions, which have remained constant favorites in the choirs of the Catholic Church, for whose services they were composed.

The compositions of Vincent Novello are very numerous, and many are of important length; but they are much dispersed amid his various Collections, and they have been, to a certain degree, overshadowed by his still more abundant arrangements. His reputation as a composer would probably have been greater than it is, had he confined himself to the publication of his own compositions alone; but all his works were produced for special utility; and, bearing that object more in view than personal renown, he supplied the composition most adapted to the service required, without regard to whether it were composed by himself or another. Perhaps the secret of the success of his early publications, was not only their musical merit; but, that being compiled from the books of his own choir, they were all pieces which had had the previous sanction of successful performance.

The chief of his musical compositions are to sacred words; but he has also produced some very approved compositions to secular words—songs, canzonets, glees, and choruses. In 1832 the Manchester Prize

for the best cheerful glee was awarded to his glee, "Old May Morning;" at the same time that Sir Henry Bishop obtained the prize for the best serious glee.

"The Infant's Prayer," a recitative and air, enjoyed a very extended popularity; there having been sold of it upwards of seventy thousand copies; and it is still in demand for school teaching, from its pleasing and sterling merits.

The Philharmonic Society having requested Vincent Novello to supply their concerts with an original cantata of his composition, he wrote for them the "Rosalba;" which contains soprano and contralto solos, a quartet and chorus, with full orchestral accompaniments.

The attention which Vincent Novello gave to psalmody, during some years of his life, tended very greatly to improve that simple branch of devotional music. Various denominations of Christians applied to him to revise and renew their collections; and how well he accomplished their requests by the harmonization of their tunes—avoiding extreme chords, yet ever maintaining a solid ecclesiastical harmony, flowing and melodious inner parts, combined with the utmost simplicity—is proved by the steadfast use made of them in the multitude of churches and chapels where the various collections edited by him have been adopted. He was often desired by professional

friends to contribute original psalm tunes to their collections ; and those he wrote for them are among the continued favorites of the congregations. In his latter days he made a manuscript assemblage of all these contributed psalm tunes, with a view to their being brought out in a collected form ; but the work has not yet been published. They are a hundred and fifty original psalm tunes ; two hundred and fifty adaptations of melodies by others ; and a hundred single and double chants. It is hoped that the publication of the original psalm tunes and chants may still take place at an early period,* if it should be found desirable.

A simple enumeration of the various works of Vincent Novello would imply the reprinting almost the whole of the large catalogue of the Dean Street House, extending to two hundred pages ; and, in addition to these, he edited several important works for other publishers. It must therefore suffice to make a brief mention of some of those whose appearance had an influential effect upon the music of the period.

Among these must certainly rank the edition of Mozart's and Haydn's Masses. When this was commenced, the published Masses of Mozart were eight, including the Requiem ; and of Haydn, seven. These works were to be had only in full orchestral score, without separate accompaniment for the organ ; and

* Now in the prefs.—1863.

these full scores were printed only abroad. From great research, and by the kind aid of those who possessed manuscript scores, Vincent Novello was enabled to publish eighteen Masses of Mozart and sixteen of Haydn. These are not only printed in vocal score, with separate accompaniment, but also the separate orchestral and vocal parts are printed for the use of orchestras. Nothing has contributed more to the diffusion of good music than the printing of parts for orchestras ; and those who revel in the abundance of the present day (who may be supplied by the publisher, at the last moment, for a few pence), are not aware what were the previous difficulties of getting up even a small performance of classical music with accompaniment ; when manuscript parts had to be made with much labor, uncertainty, and delay, from scores to be procured only by favour from a few amateur libraries.

About the year 1824 Vincent Novello was requested by the authorities of the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, to examine and report on the large collection of musical manuscripts which were in their library : and he spent considerable time in doing so ; making several visits to Cambridge, at his own expense, for that purpose. The ancient Italian school had his chief attention ; and a portion of the result of his researches he published, consisting of selections from Bonno, Bononcini, Cafaro, Carissimi, Clari, Colonna,

Conti, Durante, Feroce, Jomelli, Leo, Lupi, L. Da Vittoria, Martini, Orlando di Laffo, Palestrina, Pergolefi, Perti, Stradella, &c. Only about one-third of the extracts he thus made were published; but fine specimens, calculated to fill ten volumes more, were copied from the library, and still remain in manuscript.

The commercial difficulties and uncertainties of success, which had to be encountered in the earlier publications, having given place about 1825 to a steady demand for every new work that had the advantage of bearing the name of Vincent Novello as editor, made the continuous flow of important works to be limited only by his industry; and the brief enumeration of the titles of the more valuable works which appeared up to 1840, will show how great that industry must have been.

“Purcell’s Sacred Works” was a labour of much research and collation; as the larger portion had remained in manuscript, dispersed in the choir-books of different cathedrals, or rare copies in the collections of individuals. Vincent Novello presented the original manuscript copy he made of this work to the British Museum; for, contrary to wont, it was in beautifully preservable form. The majority of his manuscripts (especially latterly), though most neatly and legibly written, were jotted down upon such mere odds and ends of music-paper, and generally stitched together (or rather, *threaded* together, like a file of papers),

that they served but to be used by the printer, and then were thrown away or destroyed.

To Boyce's celebrated Collection of Cathedral Music in three volumes, was not only added a separate organ part, but the same was reprinted in separate vocal parts. Similar organ parts were added by him to the four volumes of Boyce's own anthems, to the anthems and services of Greene, Croft, Kent, Clarke Whitfeld, and Nares; and all these were likewise edited by him in single vocal parts.

The "Cathedral Choir Book," a collection of music (in cheap and varied forms) selected from various sources by himself, was another contribution to the large library of that branch of music which he edited.

A careful revision of the fourteen principal oratorios by Handel, included a separate accompaniment to each oratorio; editing the original orchestral and choral parts; adding to *Judas Maccabæus* additional wind parts; and superintending the cheap octavo editions of the scores.

Similar editions of Haydn's *Creation*, *Seasons*, *Passione*, *Tempesta*; and other oratorios by Romberg, Spohr, Himmel, &c., he produced in a variety of forms. Masses, cantatas, litanies, &c., by Beethoven, Hummel, Cherubini, Weber, Spohr, Bühler, Fenoglio, and Zingarelli, comprise long works for which he arranged separate accompaniments, and which he edited in various forms.

In the shape of pianoforte arrangements for four hands, Vincent Novello familiarized several favorite operatic pieces of classical authors. His pianoforte duets from Mozart's *Figaro*, *Idomeneo*, and *Così fan tutte*; and from Spohr's *Faust*, *Jessonda*, and *Zemire and Azor*, obtained favour; while the latter may be said to have served first to introduce Spohr's opera music to English knowledge.

Three extensive works for the use of organists, as voluntaries, or where voices are not at command, have been found of especial utility; if we may estimate by the very great sale they have obtained. They are:—The “Select Organ Pieces,” three large volumes; the “Cathedral Voluntaries,” in two volumes; and the “Short Melodies,” in one volume.

Vincent Novello had the rare privilege of completing and giving to the public during his lifetime most of the more important works which he had undertaken; among the exceptions to this rule, however, was one of considerable volume, of which no part has yet been published. He proposed to set to original or selected music the words appointed to be sung at the “Offertory” (a portion of the Roman Catholic Service) for every Festival contained in the Missal during the ecclesiastical year. Of the several series therein contained, about eighty have been completed for those festivals distinguished as “Pro Tempore;” and these were engraved and corrected ready for press. It is

intended to give what are completed to the public at an early period.

No man was more successful than Vincent Novello in producing music in forms that placed it within reach of the least wealthy. He may be said to have created both demand and supply; for, by his early efforts he introduced little-known works of great masters, thereby originating a taste and desire for them; and, by his persevering toil, continued to bring them forth in such abundance and usable shape, that they became necessities not only to musicians, but aspirants in musical cultivation. Out of this abundance and usability grew the requisite cheapness which should place these sterling works within command of the large class of users that had been rendered so extensive; and thus, numerous demand and numerous supply alike arose from Vincent Novello's earnest devotion to his art.

He had no bigotry in music. His wide-embracing appreciation had love for all really *good* music, whatever its peculiar character. From the ancient stores of Palestrina or old Gregorian music, to the modern opera or glee,—from each and all, the industry of Vincent Novello was ever culling and printing in serviceable form the best portions; and a musical library constituted alone of the works edited by Vincent Novello would in itself comprise a very varied collection of all the best styles of music.

Vincent Novello's personal appearance is well indi-

cated by the portrait given at the commencement of the present biographical sketch. The original picture was one of his son Edward's first attempts in oil painting; and is a beautiful specimen of taste in colouring (the young artist had never had a single lesson in colouring), with fidelity in feature, figure, and expression. The position of the head, the attitude, the shape and look of the hand, are all true; and Mr. Humphrys' engraving has preserved these particulars of resemblance. Vincent Novello's stature was about middle height; his person somewhat stout; his carriage and walk wonderfully energetic and purposeful; his hands and feet remarkably small and white. On a certain occasion, the shapeliness and delicacy of these latter were made obvious; when, going down to the shore to meet her father returning from a morning plunge in the sea, one of his daughters saw him take off his shoe and shake out the sand that had drifted in, leaving his fair stockingless foot revealed to view. No one seeing his boots or shoes would have guessed the small size of his foot; for he wore them of a magnitude more suited to a slipper-bath than to human dimensions. He said he liked to have them *easy*; and the consequence was that they might have accommodated any amount of sea-sand in addition to the foot they shod, giving ready admission to whatever quantity chose to lodge there. His clothes were of an equally (what he

called) *commodious* make ; and his cravat was always tied loofely enough to allow of his chin reposing roomily therein, as well as his throat. He was early bald ; lofing the chief portion of his hair when he was no older than fix-and-twenty. It preferved its brown colour for many years ; and only latterly turned grey.

His manners, when in good health, were focial, gay, and lively. Fond of converfation, he talked well and freely, when with thofe he intimately knew ; but he was retiring—nay, fhy—with ftrangers. He had a good deal of Englifh referve in his bearing towards thofe whom he met for the firft time ; though it wore off on acquaintance, and vanifhed altogether when he took a liking to them. He had a certain quiet pride, common to very modeft men ; confcious of innate merit, yet averfe from felf-affertion. With his chofen friends he was eafy, genial, cordial. With them he gave way to mirth and good-fellowfhip ; laughed, bantered, punned. He was a great punfter ; and vied honorably with Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Henry Robertfon,—thofe mafters in the art of punning.

Vincent Novello was no vocalift ; but upon occafion he was heard to fing. He was trying over fome concerted piece from the fcore of “Don Giovanni ;” the part of Leporello was unfupplied, and he murmured the notes required. There was not much *voice* ; but the intervals taken truly, the phrafes well

phrased, the spirit of the music exquisitely given—bore witness to the *musician's* fingering.

His care in arranging—either the separate accompaniment for organ and pianoforte, or for four-hand duets—was manifested by (among other things) the minute pains he took to make the passages “lie well under the hand.” Often would the pen be placed between the lips, while the fingers were spread and moved over the table as if in the act of playing; so that he might mechanically test the most facile and best mode of arranging the phrase under consideration. In “laying out” works for printing, also, he spared no trouble in devising favourable turnings, with well-spaced bars, lines, and pages; and frequently, when dividing his manuscripts for this purpose, he would count up, with slight raps of his pencil on the paper, asking half aloud:—“How many sevens in fifty?” And when the reply came from some one of those sitting quietly near him, he would reply:—“Ay, it must be so-and-so.”

Vincent Novello was what is called short-sighted; that is, he used a glass to distinguish far-off objects. But his sight was so naturally strong, that he could see to read a small print with a very slender allowance of light in the room, even at an advanced age; and during the twelvemonth preceding the last year of his life, he wrote some autographs at the request of his eldest daughter, which were as clearly and steadily penned as his signature had ever been.

She had the ineffimable privilege of being with him night and day through his final illness at Nice. It was without pain ; he was patient, gentle, affectionate, longing for rest. This was granted to him on the evening of the 9th of August, 1861. Had he lived until the 6th of the following month, September, he would have been eighty years of age. After a life of unsparring industry, with the blessing of beholding his labors achieve honorable success in advancing the art he loved so devotedly, his end was crowned by peace.

The most proper monument to a useful man's memory is that which he has himself erected in the works he leaves behind him. But if ever a cenotaph be erected in England to the memory of Vincent Novello, the most appropriate site for it would be in Westminster Abbey ; an edifice he loved so well, and which he at one time made the termination of his daily walk, to " go in and hear the anthem." His well-known place was a seat in the aisle, where Poet's Corner abuts upon the door to the cloister. The old vergers called it " Mr. Novello's seat ;" and pointed it out to his Italian grandchildren when they came to England and visited the Abbey in 1860. There could hardly be a more fitting spot than the neighbourhood of this seat for placing a tablet-record of how much this eminent musician and estimable man contributed to the improvement of cathedral music.

Genoa, April 1862.

ADDENDA.

The desire expressed at page 64 has been carried out in the most gratifying manner, by a permission from the Dean and Chapter of Westminster to have a Memorial Window of stained glass erected in the Abbey. This window has been placed in the North Transept; its subject being, very appropriately, a Saint Cecilia,—the patron saint of music; and the work was executed with much skill and taste by Messrs. Lavers and Barraud. An engraving is subjoined. Thus many admirers of Vincent Novello, who are unable to see the memorial window itself, in its glorious site, will at least have the pleasure of knowing the kind of tribute that has been judged proper to be erected in honor of a thoroughly accomplished, industrious, and conscientious musician, who devoted his life to the world-wide promotion of music's refining influence among his fellow-creatures.

Genoa : September, 1863.



NOVELLO AND CO.,
TYPOGRAPHICAL MUSIC AND GENERAL PRINTERS,
DEAN STREET, SOHO, LONDON.

POSSESSORS OF MRS. COWDEN-CLARKE'S

“Concordance to Shakspere”

ARE REQUESTED TO PRESERVE THEREIN THIS PAPER.



THE mode of spelling “Shakspere” was used, when printing my Concordance to the great poet’s plays, in deference to the wish of Mr. Charles Knight, its original publisher; otherwise I should have used the form [Shakespeare] which I have always adopted, because it was the one given in the First Folio Edition of his dramatic works by its superintenders and his brother-actors Heminge and Condell. The name is also given thus in the First Edition of his Sonnets; and it seems to have been the orthography used in print where his name was given during his lifetime. That as many as sixteen different modes of spelling the name have been found to have been used at the epoch when he wrote, and that he himself did not adhere to any particular one when signing his name, appears to be merely in accordance with a fashion of the time, which allowed of the utmost irregularity in the orthography of men’s names.

The above affords an explanation of the reason why my “Concordance to Shakespeare” bears on its title-page a form of orthography varying from the one which is given in our “Shakespeare Key” (which forms the companion volume to the Concordance) and all the other works upon this subject written by my beloved husband and myself.

MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

VILLA NOVELLO, GENOA,

January, 1881.

WORKS

BY

CHARLES & MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.



CHARLES COWDEN-CLARKE.

Carmina Minima ; a volume of Poems	1859
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Gentleness is Power ; or the Story of Caranza and Aborzuf (in "The Analyst" Magazine)	1838
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Four Essays on Shakespeare's Philosophers and Jesters (in "The Gentleman's Magazine")...	1873
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Jenny Lind in Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" (in ditto)	1847
Macready's Hamlet (in "The Manchester Courier")	1847
Articles on Fine Art (in "Atlas" newspaper) during several years after	1825
Two Letters on the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge (in "Atlas" newspaper)	1830
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Numerous Contributions in Leigh Hunt's "Tatler"	1830
Idem, Leigh Hunt's "London Journal"	1834
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Three Lectures on Poets of Charles II. to Queen Anne.					
Four Lectures on Poets of the Guelphic Era.					
Three Lectures on Poetry of the Prose Writers.					

- Four Lectures on the Four Great European Novelists: Boccaccio,
Cervantes, Le Sage, Richardson.
One Lecture on Ancient Ballads.
One Lecture on Sonnet Writers.
Four Lectures on the Schools of Painting in Italy.

CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

- The Shakespeare Key; unlocking the treasures of his Style,
elucidating the peculiarities of his Construction, and dis-
playing the beauties of his Expression, forming a Companion
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Edition of Shakespeare, copiously annotated, with Preface and
Story of Shakespeare's Life 1869
Idem, with Preface, Glossary, and Chronological Table of
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Recollections of Writers 1878
Idyl of London Streets, and Sonnet on the Course of Time ... 1875
Many Happy Returns of the Day; a Birthday Book 1860

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The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines 1851
Idem, an abridged Edition 1879
Edition of Shakespeare, with Preface, Chronological Table of his
Life, and Glossary... .. 1860
The Iron Cousin; or, Mutual Influence. A Novel 1854
A Rambling Story. A Novel 1874
The Trust, and the Remittance. Two Love Stories in verse ... 1873
Kit Bam's Adventures; or, The Yarns of an Old Mariner ... 1849
Mamillius's Story (in the "National Magazine") 1857
World-noted Women 1857
The Life and Labours of Vincent Novello 1862
The Song of Drop o' Wather 1856
The Battle of Melazzo. Lines founded on an incident recounted
by an Italian Volunteer in the Sicilian Band of Patriots
under Garibaldi (in "The Athenæum") 1860
Six Sonnets on Godsend (in "All the Year Round") 1860
Minnie's Musings; a story in verse (in "All the Year Round")... 1866
The Yule Log; a story in verse (in ditto) 1867
Time's Healing; stanzas (in ditto) 1868
An Italian Rain-Storm (in "The Atlantic Monthly Magazine").. 1866
A Biographical Sketch of William Shakespeare (in a Tercen-
tenary Edition of the Poet) 1864

Nine Shakespeare Studies of Woman (in "The Ladies' Companion")	1864
Lawrence and Kemble's Hamlet; Shakespeare's Hamlet; the World's Hamlet (in "Sharpe's London Magazine")... ..	1848
Ten Essays on Shakespeare's Individuality in his Characters; his Simpletons; his Men of Intellect; his Fools, Jesters, or Clowns; his Soldiers; his Lovers (in "Sharpe's London Magazine")... ..	1851
Shakespeare Proverbs; or, The Wise Saws of our Wisest Poet collected into a Modern Instance	1848
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Three Essays on Sympathy with Unknown People (in "The British Journal")	1852
On Keeping Young (in "The British Journal")	1852
The Order of Discontents (in ditto)	1852
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My Arm-chair; my Desk; my Pocket-book; my Home (in Hone's "Table-Book")	1827
Inn-yards (in ditto)	1827
Sonnet on receiving a Lock of Mrs. Somerville's Hair (in "Manchester Examiner and Times")	1867
Unless; Making up my Mind; After all; And yet. Four Songs in imitation of Italian Stornelli (in "Temple Bar Magazine")	1872
Asking. A Song (in "Temple Bar Magazine")	1875
Be true to me, my Love. A Song (in "Temple Bar Magazine")	1875
The Declaration. Stanzas (in "Temple Bar Magazine") ...	1881
Written at Dawn, on the 23rd April, 1869 (in "Robinson's Epitome of Literature")	1879
Miss Kelly at the Manchester Athenæum (in "The Manchester Examiner and Times")	1847
Music among the Poets and Poetical Writers (in "The Musical Times")	1856
Festival of the Salzburg Mozart Institution (in "The Musical Times")	1879
Music in Dresden (in ditto)	1879
Cherubini's Treatise on Counterpoint	} Translations 1854
Catel's Treatise on Harmony... ..	
Berlioz's Treatise on Instrumentation	

NOTE.—Some of the above publications have appeared in American as well as English editions, others appeared in now extinct magazines, and others are at present out of print.

